"The Spider" Undertakes to Set Carslake Free and Pearl Has a Gleam of Real Hope

Who's Who in the Thrilling New Film Pearl Standish PEARL WHITE

Richard Carslake Warner Oland The High Priestess................................Ruby Hoffman Nicholas Knox Earle Foxe

down into the night.

One man conducted him; a sec-

ond was on guard outside. Both hurried with him to the curb, piled

into the car that drew up for them.

instantly for certain regions in

another part of the city where he knew he would be safe from fur-

ther police search, but the men

with him had orders to deliver him to the "Spider," and they would

Accordingly, as Pearl's patience

was just about nearing its end the

door suddenly burst open and Cars-

"Good evening," he said with a

pleasant little bow. Instantly Pearl rushed toward

"The violet diamond — quick! where is it?" she urged eagerly.

Carelake's smile broadened. "My Dear Girl," he protested,

"you really didn't think I'd give

fifty thousand dollars," she declared. The "Spider" nodded quietly.

"Quite true. So she did," he ad-

mitted, and, turning to Pearl, he

added, "And I'm very curious to

Carelake turned to the "Spider"

"Out of the bank, most likely,"

he said. "This young lady is Pearl

Standish, the richest girl in Amer-

ica. Her-er-ransom-ought to be worth five times fifty thousand dol-

The "Spider" and his men gazed with awe and amazement upon

Pearl at this, and Pearl returned

their glances with an expression of

The "Spider" was first to recover

"So your idea was to trick Miss

Standish?" he said. "You had no

intention of living up to your

"My promise meant nothing. I

mean to hold her for ransom, of

course," replied Caralake, "The

girl is worth one hundred million

"There is honor even among

thieves," said the "Bpider," Then

speaking with cutting calmness:

"In my neighborhood we keep our

bargains and live up to our com-

"But this girl isn't one of us and

she doesn't belong in our neigh-

not going to give her the violat

He turned to go, Pearl attered

a cry of protest and gazed at the

"Spider" appealingly. The "Spider"

Instantly they advanced to block

Carslake's way, Outnumbered, he

had no choice but to yield grace-

fully. He turned back to face the

"You will bring the violet dia-

mend to this room within the hour,

or you will lose your tasts for dia-

monds or for anything else," said

His sharp eyes glittered as they

rested upon Carslake. Carslake

it" he said.
"My men will accompany you,"
said the "Spider." "And I advise
you to hurry!"
Carslake turned on his heel and

vanished, followed by the men with

wanished, followed by the men with whom he had come. There followed another tiresome wait. Pearl paced the floor. The "Spider" sat quietly behind his table, studying her with speculative

It was eleven-thirty by Pearl's

wrist-watch when Carstake finally returned with the violet diamond and the setting in his pocket.

With such good grace as he could

muster, he delivered them to Pearl.

who seized them with frantic joy and relief, thrust them into her hand-bag and took her leave. "Well I suppose I may go, now,"

drawled Carslake, sarcastically, looking at the "Spider."

To Be Continued To-morrows

"Yes," said the "Spider."

"Very well. I'll go out and got

borhood," answered Carsinke,

pacts among ourselves."

furned to his men.

"Spider."

the "Spider."

shrugged.

it!" he said.

"Stop him!" he said.

"Spider" scrutinized him as

know where you got it."

nonchalantly.

alarm.

promise to her?"

An Ultimatum.

lake appeared, immaculate and

Carslake was for making tracks

and vanished into the night.

listen to no other plan.

smiling as ever.

A Little Surprise.

(Novelised from the photo-play "The lake slip out along the corridor and foun into the night.

By Fred Jackson. Episode 7.

1817, by Fred Jackson, all righ генегуеф.)

HE "Spider" reached for the money with his sinuous, clutching fingers and silently counted it; then he looked

"It is the exact amount, all right," he said. "In heaven's name, where did you get it?"

Pearl smiled. "Never mind; I got it," she answered.

To this the "Spider made no reply. With a grin, he rose, extinguished the lights, picked up a lantern and moved into the dormer window. There he slowly began to wave the lighted lantern-up and down-up and down!

From a cellar-way, far below and some distance away, another lantern

some distance away, another laners answered him.

Waving his own signals a second time the "Bpider" turned to Pearl.

"In fifteen minutes now," he aid, "Carelake will be free!"

"Following the waving of the lantern a strange series of happenings occurred inside the prison where Carelake was confined. you the diamond, did you?" Pearl gasped. She was overwhelmed by this turn of affairs. "But-of course, I bought your freedom. I-I paid the "Spider"

Carsiske was confined. Carslake Escapes.

In a darkened corridor one pair of hands groping aimlessly found a second pair of hands, also groping, and thrust a wad of bills into them. Above, one flight, while a guard sat staring dreamily before him into space, a blanket came flying through the air and enveloped him, and before he could extricate himself or draw his gun, two men leaped upon him and beat him into insensibility. And no sound was

Further along this same corridor a second guard sat cating his evening meal. A man came shuffling by with a bottle of milk in his hand, and he offered to share it. "Have some" he asked, gener-

"Don't care if I do. It'll wash down my grub," said the guard,

He held out his glass, and when It had been filled to the brim, drank the whole of it. The man with the milk bottle still in his hand smiled w as he looked on.

And now-if one had listened carefully-one might have heard bolts drawn. If one had been on watch one might have seen Care-

INTERESTING STORIES

How a Diamond Cuts Glass.

It has been ascertained by a sepies of experiments that a diamond does not cut glass file - fashion but forces the particles apart, so that a continuous crack is formed along the line of the intended cut, The crack once begun, very small force is necessary to carry it through the glass, and thus the piece is easily broken off. The su-perficial erack or cut need not be deep; a depth, according to fine ents, of a two-hundredth part of one inch is quite sufficient part of one inch is quite sunicient to accomplish the purpose, so that the application of much force in using the diamond only wears out the gem without doing the work any better. Numerous stones, such as quarts and other minerals, when ground into proper form, will when ground into proper form, while cut glass like a diamond, but they are not so valuable for that pur-pose, lacking the requisite hardness and soon losing the sharp edge necessary to make the operation a

Danger of Coast Erosion. So serious is the danger of coast

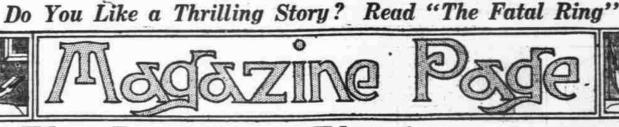
erosions round the British Isles that people are asking whether England is not slowly but surely

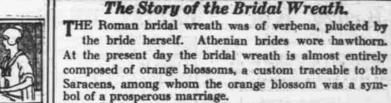
disappearing.

During less than fifty years it is roughly computed that England must have lost more than 50,000 acres of land by sea incursions. The battle against Nature still goes on. But it must be remembered that while in some places the waters are advancing, in other spots the sea is retiring. But the balance is said to be not altogether in favor of the latter,

their possession of larger brains in proportion to the weight of the body than those of any other birds.

The Prettiest Flag!





By NELL BRINKLEY



HIS little story is honest and true. I'm telling you that because sometimes I do not tell Facts. But I always tell you Truths-or try. This is honest and true. The baby face in this picture is not just anybody's or somebody's baby face, somewhere in the world. It is a real rosy face of a baby I know. He lives next door to me. He has soft brown eyes and a peachy red in his round hard cheeks, and his picture-book-baby hair is yellow-no, not yellow, but amber-gold like honey-and it curls against his little stem of a neck and blows in the wind when he runs.

After all, that might be just "somebody's baby," maybe yours, hm? He puts a fat knee against my green fence and presses a warm face against the green slats of my green fence—nose and flower-mouth and one soft eye shows through—and he says in a fascinating call, "Hello—Nay-ull! SOME day I'm coming over to dinner!" And just about then, in this embarrassing, weighty minute of slience full of that "SOME," his little round hat tips back and off, and he stoops flatly with his ambery hair turned over his face to get it—and then I have invited him THIS day, and he has gracefully accepted—and flown to make

entry through the gate.

So this small, sweet person sat one day on a deep couch with a book of flags, the bright garden of gally colored "flags of all nations," turning the pages with a fat soft finger, and poring and saying nothing. He is too little to know "My Country 'tis of Thee." He does hardly

He has seen the soft flag of our country broken out from his own house to the west wind's singing breath. But he is so tiny that folks have not just got around to such heartsome things as "your Country and your Flag, my son!" And poring, and saying nothing, he ran the bright gamut of beautiful flags—of stars and blue and crimson, of yellow like gold, of dragons, of moons on bloody ground, of silvery white and black. And at last the fat finger pressing heavily and warmly, stopped on the flag of crimson and white bars, with its field of star-silvered blue; he looked up into a face that bent over him, looked through the gold mist of his curls, and he said in a voice as sweet as a lollipop in the sun,"-The the PRETTIEST Flag!"

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Too Little Heart.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I am nineteen and have been going about with a young man for two years. A year and a half ago I discontinued going about with him, thinking I would meet some one that I would like bet-ter, and never giving him an explanation. Now, I know this young man liked me and I have found out that I can't like anybody as much as I liked him. F. D. M.

WHAT a cold-bleeded performance yours was! Giving up the man because you felt you didn't care for him and might meet some one else for whom you would care was perfectly all right-honest and square. But not giving him the explanation that was his due was very bleb-handed. I think that he may be generous enough to forgive you if you have the good fortune still to appeal to him. The only thing you can do now is to humble yourself completely-tell him exactly how matters stand-what your feelings were, what they are now and of your desire for "another chance." You may get it and you may not. But it is up to you to be "a good sport" about IL

Writing to Strangers.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

Some time ago I advertised for a situation. I received a letter from a young man, who wrote that he was a soldier in the U. S. Army, and, as he was lonely, he had he was a soldier in the U. S. Army, and, as he was lonely, he had availed himself of the opportunity of writing to someone, and asked me to correspond with him. I thought he had taken a great liberty, and answered telling him harshy what I thought of him. I was only sixteen and would like to know whether I did the proper thing.

OF course what you did was right. Perhaps the man who answered your letter was a lonely soldler boy seeking for friendship, but even then he had no right to take advantage of a girl's efforts to secure employment. But there is plenty of likelihood that the person who wrote was one of those dangerous individuals who seek everywhere for weak-minded girls who are ready to leap into the midst of adventures which may end tragically.

HICTANER "The Man Fish"

By Jean de la Hire

A Strange Story of Mystery and Fanaticism

origin."

from his pocket and waited,
"A moment's silence passed. There
was a second ring, and from the and left. ographic receiver came these order from the master to Antil:

speed.

"If Hictaner goes to the Cabrera station, hide everything from him concerning Moisette's deliverance and transfer, and all facts relating to her.

"If Hictaner goes to the Cabrera et al. When I had jain down, I stretched out on my bed, and tried to sollect my thoughts. I went over each word of the message,
"I came to this senciusion:
Moisette took Madame Martha's hands lovingly. Madame Martha, pale as death and with lowered eyes, did 'If Hictaner goes to the Cabrera

Antil Had Lied. "Antil had lied to me, He knew

Hictaner. "If they took me from Severae, it was not to give me to Hictaner, Then She was about to speak again when why was it? Why did they try to Madame Martha lifted her eyes and why was it? Why did they try to take my beloved from me and to leave him ignorant of my safety?

"All night long, and during the entire voyage from Cabrera to the Loat Iale, I turned over these questions a Iale, I turned over the Iale, I

and my uncle Fulbert.

"What is this purpose? That is the thing I must know.

"In short, I reached the Lost Isle without having alept and without hickaner having met us.

"Knowing when to expect us, my uncle and my father was shut up, us on the rocks. Vera was shut up, us on the rocks. Vera was shut up, the state of the state of

"I at a little and went to bed, resolved to come to you at daybreak, resolved to come to you at daybreak to be to you at daybreak to you thing of

resolved to come to you at daybreak. Madame Martha, what do you thing of the things I have told you. What do you think of it, now that you are sure your mind is relieved of the darkness which overclouded it."

"Give her a narcotic and shut her is the secret cabin of the launch, so that if he goes aboard, he will not even suspect her presence.

"All these orders concern the prisoner Vera as well. That is all. The master is well pleased."

"How did he come here?"

Twas Antil who appeared. As he entered he paressed a button, and the room was Cabrera for the Lost Isle at eight brightly lighted. Then the Morked the lever of the transmitter and said:

The communication will be destroyed. The commu T was Antil who appeared. As ried out. The electric launch bearing leyes dilated and she grew pale again formation spread by telegrams, cable "'All right; Antil is here.""

He drew an ivory plaque and pencil plaque with his great fingers, and the tain drawings in the library, you felt

pencil marks were lost forever. "Then he arose, put out the light, "I was completely unnerved. I

walted as long as my impatience would let me, and went to my room to shut myself in and think over Order from the masser.

"Take the electric launch and to shut myself in and things at my leisure, bring Moisette to the Lost Isle at full things at my leisure, "When I had lain down, I stretched "When I had lain down, I stretched to collect my

as death and with nowest ways, the not reply at once.

Her hands trembled in those of the young girl, and only then did Moisette notice that her friend was in the ciutches of a most violent emotion. "About as old as I. Perhaps eighteen years." "Moisette, Moisette!" oried Madame Martha, sitting up violently.
"I begin to see, I begin to understand—oh, God, give me the strength

see it all, Give me the strength live." "Madame! Madame!" begged the "No, dear, den't be afraid—I shall not go mad again. On the contrary,

net go mad again. On the contrary, f my life is spared I shall be more at the motor, used and strenger than ever. But were Tchouvin to you read my thoughts? Do you "Madame!" "Moisette," eried Madame Martha in a ringing tone of triumph, "Moisette, Hictaner is my child.

Severac is the rival and enemy of his own son!"
Trembling and shaken by sobs, the mother fell into Moisette's arms.

This cry from the heart, this cry of prophecy, this gleam of truth unserved the young girl.

overcome by the The two women unexpected revelation, which was fated to become a certainty, remained long in each other's arms, mingling their caresses and their sobs. The fact that Mme. Martha and Moisette were to succeed in fixing with coarse blue jacket.

certainty in their own minds the iden.

After an hour of demoniacal speed

sure that Hictaner was of human

"You think also that Oxus and Ful-

bert, who are very learned, gave

those aquatic organs to Hictaner

"Yes, madame," replied Moisette, not

"Now, tell me, how old is Hictaner?"

"Well, how old should you im-

understanding the trend of her ques-

which made a man-fish of him?"

"Yes, madame, I am sure,"

"I don't know exactly."

tity of Mictaner and Severac, more than all the plans of Oxus and Ful-bert, was fated to influence the des-tinles of the world! Balear,
"Severac is the rival and enemy of

master is well pleased."

"Antil took down the words as the phonograph pronounced them. When he had finished he said into the transmitter:

"The orders will be faithfully car,"

"The orders will be faithfully car,"

"The orders will be faithfully car,"

"The orders will be faithfully car, and who seduced and abandoned me."

"How did he come here?"

"How does it happen that we have here able to live almost side by side, breathing the same air, without."

She was silent—apparently her thoughts aped into area, we was not dead.

Severac was not dead. Madame Martha had cried aloud, of Pomegue and Ratoneau.

She was slight—apparently her Severac was not dead, as most of the the orders will be faithfully car, thoughts aged into another channel. Her civilized nations believed, upon in

So it 18 the prettiest flas. Oh, we knew it all the time-just!-Ness ANECDOTES OF THE FAMOUS

Here is a story told by Lord Abinger concerning a minister of the Wesleyan faith who had been newly appointed to a Scottish country

In the course of his first round of visits to his parishioners the good man called at a small farmhouse and found only the farmer's little son at home.

He was shown into the parlot and after a glance at the bookcase he said to the boys

"Are those all the books your father has in the house?" "Aye," said the boy.

"Now tell me," continued the "They will shoot signin I must make minister, "which of them does he them think that they have killed me." use oftenest?" As he slid down the rope he turned "That one," the boy told him, is head in order to see the deck of

pointing to a large leather-covered Bible which seemed to be well worn. The minister beamed.

"Oh, the Bible; that's right, I'm glad to hear that. And how often Severao cried out as if he had been does he use it?"

"On Sunday mornings," was the

"What only once a week! Wall now, does he read aloud to you all

"Neither," came the unexpected reply. "He just sharpens his rasor

There are many amusing stories of Eton school life in that interesting book, "The End of the Chapter," by Shane Leslie; as, for instance, when one of the masters found a button in the chapel collection. which he read out in terms of pounds, shillings and pence, "and one transer-button!" proceeding immediately with the words of the service, "Rend your hearts and not

your garments." Another good one concerns a young nobleman's son, who introduced himself as Lord C- son of Farl C- The whole house kicked him twice, once for Lord C- and once for Earl C-

This latter story the author capa by one from Harrow, where a foreign prince at the school was once mentioned as a candidate for the Spanish throne.

The poor boy had to be removed. as half the school took the necessary steps to be able to boast afterward that they had kicked a King of Spain.

Creus. (To He Continued Tomorrow)

scratch or shock of any kind.

After the first shot had struck the

wall just over his head fired by a sol-

dier of the torpedo boat lying before

Fort Saint Jean, Severae said to him

Severac opened his hands and let

shot, but the bullet had carried to

Severas was a good swimmer. Hav

ing already gauged the distance of the friendly launch, he was hanging

to her gunwale two minutes later and

climbing aboard,
"It is I, Severac," he whispered.
"Put out to sea."
Martiali was at the rudder, Vampa

at the motor. Crouching forward were Tchouvine and Gavilo, each with

Forward!" growled Martiali,

Lying on the forward deck lay Ga-

tying on the forward deck any da-vilo, staring into the darkness, in order to avert an obstacle of any sort be it reef or vessel. Vampa supervises the motor, speed-ing along under the tremendous pres-sure of all her batteries. Martiall was

at the steering wheel, obeying Ga-vilo's gestures and directions.

Tchouvine was helping Severac to change his wet garments for a flan-nel shirt, a pair of trousers and a

the lights of Marseilles were lost

the night. The lighthouses of Joli-

ette and Plaines, the closer to star-board, could now barely be seen. They had avoided the torpedo boats which filled the sea between Plain-

of Pomegue and Ratoneau.

They were now nearing Cape Couronne and they had only to steer 45
degrees to the southwest by the compass in order to go straight to Cape
Craus.

For an hour no one spoke

Then the report came,

high. He fell into the sea.

"He is dead,"

he saw a man kneeling with